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OSCEOLA

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Runoff Contender Ravenel with Friend

It's Dorn vs. Ravenel



Congressman Dorn After Votes

by Jim Walser

"I was an inept candidate..."
--William Westmoreland after
losing his bid for governor

"When we take office we'll offer
Nick Zeigler the ambassadorship to
Moncks Corner..."

--A Ravenel staffer as
the results flashed in

This is hardly the year to be
looking for new trends and voting
patterns among South Carolina
voters. The evidence available
after Tuesday's statewide
primaries is simply too
contradictory.

It was, after all, the first
Republican primary this century,
and the first time that the
Democratic Primary for governor
has been truly contested in over
20 years. It's the year the of
reapportionment in the South
Carolina House of
Representatives, a fact that
confused and kept some voters
from the primary polls, while
luring others with the prospect of
electing "the guy next door" to a
House seat.

It was also the year that a
retiring Army Chief of Staff and
former Allied commander in
Vietnam -- a war hero of sorts --
returned home to seek out the
adulation that the state has often
accorded its returning warriors. In
all there were nine gubernatorial
candidates and five lieutenant
gubernatorial possibilities --
including one from every region
of the state in the Democratic
Primary -- leading to what the
press referred to since early
January as a "crowded,
confusing" field of candidates.

And finally, of course, this is
the second year in what seems
destined to become the Decade of
Watergate, a general catchall for
our unsavory political past which
is creating non-voters by the

thousands these days, as well as
driving those who do vote to cast
ballots for candidates they
wouldn't have dreamed of voting
for two years ago.

The Republican Primary was
strictly a clubby, in-house affair
with only about 35,000 votes cast
statewide, an event which finished
off what was left of the
Westmoreland candidacy. Only a
large turnout could have salvaged
Westmoreland's bid, and the more
attractive statewide ballot offered
by the Democrats apparently
prevented it.

While the Westmoreland-
Edwards race failed to excite
many of the state voters, it did
spawn a large amount of national
press coverage. Reporters from
the networks, as well as
Washington, New York, Houston
and other newspapers were on
hand to cover Westy. Generally,
the national press summarized the
situation accurately: if
Westmoreland could get past the
Party Primary, which Harry Dent,
Strom Thurmond and others who
had encouraged Westmoreland
had hoped to avoid anyway, then
he could gain the finances
necessary to compete in
November.

But Westmoreland proved to
be "inept" as well as being
victimized by the continuing bout
for control of the state party. His
early campaigning was fraught
with embarrassing errors such as
showing up at the wrong
meetings, and calling guests by the
wrong names from the podium.
Later his campaign became -- to
put it kindly -- low profile.
Westmoreland hired former
WIS-TV anchorman Dick Edwards
to run his campaign, and between
the two they decided the best way

(Continued on page seven)

Judgment at Allendale

by Bob Thompson

The Allendale County Courthouse is a clean two-story edifice which sits imposingly in the downtown area of the county seat. It looks like a court house should -- solemn, sturdy, pompous in its small-town way. The inevitable white columns add an antebellum grace to the architecture. Inside, the first floor houses offices for the various county officials: sheriff, auditor, clerk of court, etc. The walls are painted a placid light green. Sun and the lowcountry heat stream in from the doors, usually open, located in the middle of each of the four sides of the courthouse. The four short hallways beginning at each door converge in a foyer in the center of the first level.

At two ends of the building are stairs leading to the second floor,

where other offices and the courtroom itself are located. The offices on the upper level are likewise painted an institutional green; the only place where a different color scheme is found is the courtroom, with beige walls and a new blue carpet.

Late in the afternoon of Monday, July 15, the courtroom was astir with people. The gathering seemed to represent a cross-section of the county. About half were black (the county population is about 10,000, two-thirds of which are black), most of whom were dressed casually. Of the whites, a number were garbed in neat suits, carrying sheaves of paper--obviously lawyers or officials. Other whites, by their dress apparently farmers, laborers, local businessmen and the like, milled about and talked

quietly.

Gradually everyone began filtering up to the courtroom and searching out seats --lawyers and press people inside the railing near the front of the courtroom, the others in seats further back or in the balcony. The mood was an odd blend of conviviality and tension. In the front of the courtroom, the lawyers and reporters chatted with law enforcement officials. Elsewhere, the local citizens whispered among themselves, blacks occupying one side of the seating area and whites on the opposite side. There was little casual intermingling of the races.

A quiet knock on the jury room door brought a short conversation between the chief bailiff and someone on the other side of the slightly cracked door. The bailiff

(continued on page four)

osceola

"The mission of a modern newspaper is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

from a column by Peter Finley Dunn

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from Washington

An argument for government instability

With a parliamtentary system like Canada's the United States could have dealt with Watergate two months after it was discovered. With our rigid government we have instead reached a point of public helplessness that is demeaning to a great nation. It is not merely demeaning but dangerous. We face extraordinary shocks on the economic front and the president evidently does not know what to do, nor is there any quick way of replacing him. There is impeachment, of course, but that is reserved for high crimes and misdemeanors and simple economic muddle headedness does not meet the formula. There is no lack-of-confidence vote in our system that can get an election and oust an inept leader; there is no arrangement whereby a political party itself can readily change its spokesman as the Progressive Conservative party in Canada is now preparing to do with the unfortunate Robert Stanfield after his defeat in last week's election. No, we are helpless; as James Sundquist of Brookings put it, recalling the discredited British Prime Minister who sought to appease Hitler: "Under our system, a Neville Chamberlain would stay in office for his full term even if that meant losing a war, and the very freedom of the nation."

We need a more flexible system. For example, Senator William Fulbright, who has headed the Foreign Relations Committee longer than anybody else is a national asset. But he was defeated in a local primary and must go. Why should a man like Fulbright - or some equivalent senator in the same fix on the conservative side be lost under a rigid system, and not run from some other constituency, from some safe seat, to give Congress the benefit of his continuing experience?

It is stunning to cross the line that separates the United States and Canada and find the idea of transferable legislative constituencies unthinkable in the former, and taken for granted in the latter. Mr. Stanfield has just run from a district in central Halifax in Nova Scotia - he doesn't live there. Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau is elected from the Mount Royal

district of Montreal - he doesn't live there either. They are glad to have famous men represent them.

There are two dangers of Watergate, one that Mr. Nixon will ride out impeachment, in which case the great sword that the Founding Fathers forged for the Constitution will rust and be forgotten; the other that he will be impeached, and the nation will say, "See, now we have solved the Nixon problem and we can forget Watergate as soon as possible!" Of the two, the latter possibility could be the more dangerous if it throws away the experience we have gained and what might be the last chance of some permanent reform.

The dominance of the presidency over the Congress and Courts seems likely to be checked now for a while whatever happens, because Mr. Nixon has overreached himself and been too arrogant. But the same process is apt to begin again after a while because the nation needs a strong leader, and will achieve it in one way or another.

Suppose the future man in the White House had the charisma that Mr. Nixon lacks, the demagoguery of Huey Long, the effrontery of Joe McCarthy, the racism of George Wallace, and pushed his power in the paths Mr. Nixon has pointed out - impoundment, executive privilege, national security, warrantless wiretaps, sale of ambassadorships, falsification of cables, favors for campaign funds, burglary, spying and all the rest. Could we depend on the device of impeachment alone to handle the matter? Really, wouldn't it be simpler to adopt a collectivized parliamtentary government or some partial adaptation of it? Half a dozen proposals are now in Congress.

The Uniter States would never accept parliamentary "instability", it is argued like that in Canada; it breeds coalition governments. It is odd to hear the latter argument advanced. Prime Minister Trudeau has just been reelected with a fresh mandate, and presumably he can govern for the next four years with collective party responsibility.

Things are different in Washington. I do not mean Watergate. One party controls the White House, a rival party controls the

legislature and the emphasis is on negativism. Ah yes, you say, but this is the exception. Not at all. In the last 46 years the control of Congress and the White House has been split 16 years, or one-third of the time.

Often you hear it said with smug self-satisfaction, "So what? Divided government is good; one party will watch the other; the sound men of business will be the real rulers; this means less government interference. The fewer laws the better."

Business certainly is powerful. But in the real pinch can government act? You could find no better example of the terrible problem of inflation at the present time. All around the world today the economic warning signs are flashing: "Buckle seat belts, turbulence ahead!" It is the most serious international inflation in history. How badly America needs a leader it can trust!

Last week, Herbert Stein, chairman of Mr. Nixon's Counsel of Economic Advisors called, "the American economy very strong" but also acted like the watchful airplane hostess who doesn't want to frighten anybody but wants to be sure everybody is tucked in:

"We have no easy way out of this. I think we have to be prepared to continue for a long time. I think in terms of years, not months - three, four, years, and more or less indefinitely, we have to follow a policy of much greater discipline."

In Herbert Hoover's Great Depression there was a Commerce Department economist named Julius Klein. Mr. Hoover would see prosperity just around the corner, and Klein would explain why. The similarities are rather striking.

Said Julius Klein in '29.

"I'm confident there's no decline!"

Said Herbert Stein, "Hew to the line, We'll all be fine by '79."

Dr. Stein says the real blame for inflation is with the American public-they rejected "tax increases." It is an astonishing statement for the side of Mr. Nixon who pledged, in 1972: "My goal is not only no tax increase but no tax increase for the next four years."

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Election notes

In 1972 Richland County Treasurer and titular head of the so-called "Elliott Machine" Tom Elliott didn't fare too well in the county's Democratic primary. His candidates for Richland County Council were beaten by candidates of former county supervisor Laney Talbert's faction, and Elliott appeared to be on his way down in terms of political power in the county.

Tuesday's primary elections marked another battle in the war for political control of the county that Talbert, Elliott, and several other minor bosses are waging. In the three races which were supposed to determine control of the county, one went to Talbert, one went to Elliott, and one isn't over yet.

In the treasurer's race, Elliott beat Talbert faction representative William "Son" Grimsley by a slim margin. The solicitor's race saw 21-year veteran John W. Foard, titular head of the courthouse gang, ousted by young, aggressive Columbia attorney Jim Anders. While Anders had been tagged a "Talbert man," his association with Talbert was apparently not as close as many of the news writers have led their readers to believe. Anders named Talbert as chairman of his campaign committee, but the candidate himself took care of most of the details of the campaign, including advertising, poll workers and getting information to black voters. Since the last named task is anathema to most Talbert leaders, Tom Broadwater did most of Anders' campaigning. It was Broadwater who helped knock off Talbert's county council representatives two years ago by swinging some black voters to the black-oriented United Citizens Party.

At least superficially it appears that the two camps have split the major county elections so far, but the real test is yet to come. On July 30, the voters will again go to the polls to choose their new county council Democratic nominees in a runoff election. John Green (one of Elliott's trio in 1972), Susie Newman (apparently not aligned with anyone), and Bill Taylor and Rhett Jacobs (both of the Talbert faction) will compete in the runoff.

While Green led the ticket by some 2,000 votes on Tuesday, those returns may be misleading, according to a source close to the Elliott machine. The source said that Elliott put all his money on one horse, in a manner of speaking. Elliott allegedly contacted several candidates for the council individually and told them that he would include them on his ticket along with Green if they would handle distribution of the ticket in their respective areas. While assuring each candidate that the ticket would include only Green's name and theirs and that he would

take care of distribution in all other areas, Elliott insured the county-wide distribution of his ticket while pulling a fast one on some of the other candidates. These candidates handed out tickets to friends and neighbors in their area while counting on Elliott getting their name out, with Green's, in all other areas.

If this allegation is true, then Green's 2,000-vote lead is much easier to comprehend. It will also be easier to understand why he loses, if he loses, a week and a half from now. There are several candidates out there who lost and realize they were "had," and their main goal might conceivably be to pay Elliott back for his trickery.

It looks like a double-cross and Taylor, Jacobs and Talbert will have plenty of people putting their tickets in the right hands. That's for certain. But it appears that John Green and Tom Elliott may have some trouble finding their own poll workers on July 30. We'll just have to wait and see.

Computerization

WIS-TV may have made television history Tuesday night when they utilized a computer in their election coverage

programming. Producers-directors Henry Goldman and Ben Griffin explained to *Osceola* that as far as they know this was the first time that a local television station has utilized a computer and a "character generator" in election coverage. (No, a character generator doesn't create admirable personalities - it merely projects a computer's figures onto a viewing screen.)

What this meant to the viewers is that as soon as the information was called into the computer center by League of Women Voters representatives stationed in Lexington, Richland, and Kershaw county wards and precincts, it appeared on the television screen. At 7:05, a bare five minutes after the polls had closed, WIS had begun broadcasting election results.

Anchormen Joe Petty and Jan Lovell had a little difficulty adjusting to the new method, but by mid-evening the process was running smoothly.

An *Osceola* staffer found the situation rather disconcerting, as Petty and Lovell confidently conversed for the home viewers, barely 20 feet away from where directors, producers and staff members chattered in frenzied activity. When commercials gave



Director-producers Ben Griffin and Henry Goldman

Petty and Lovell a break, the smiles faded and yells across the room to producer Goldman revealed a nervous edginess. But Goldman had told the *Osceola* staffer prior to the show that if conversations and tempers seemed to get hot, it was because time did not permit the niceties and pleasantries of casual conversation.

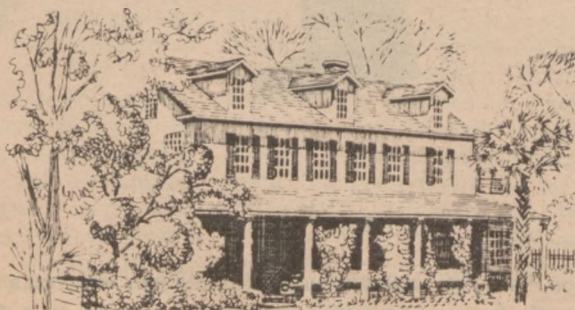
Thursday Ben Griffin told us that all had gone well and that other than a few computer failures early in the evening, WIS,

Goldman, and he were well pleased with the effort. He said all of the candidates for major statewide offices had cooperated with WIS by coming by the station to make a statement. All the candidates, that is, except Earle Morris, who Griffin said had refused to make an appearance.

Griffin also said that WIS plans to use the computer in the runoff two weeks from now and that a decision hasn't been made as to the general election.



WIS-TV anchormen Jan Lovell and Joe Petty take a break in the coverage as guest former Governor Robert McNair is fitted with a microphone.



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Judgment at Allendale...

(continued from page one)

quickly closed the door again and scurried over to the judge's chambers. Suddenly everyone became alert, expectant and anxious, as they anticipated the climax of a tiring four-day trial.

Another bailiff intoned, "Order in the court!" and everyone rose as Judge W.L. Rhodes strode briskly up to the bench. After all were again seated and Rhodes had asked the chief bailiff if the jury had reached a verdict, the twelve petit jurors -- seven blacks and five whites -- entered and sat down.

The foreman of the jury, a young white man, handed a small piece of paper to the bailiff, who gave it to the judge. The judge read it and in turn handed it to the matronly clerk of court, who read out the verdicts. "Preston Polk -- not guilty. Albert Cook -- not guilty." The time was 6:20 p.m.

The murder trial of five men for the 1970 slaying of Wallace Youmans was all but over. All that remained was for Solicitor Randolph Murdaugh Jr. to inform the court that charges against the other three defendants in the murder case were being dropped for lack of evidence.

The acquittal of the five white men accused of killing the 18-year-old black from nearby Fairfax brought mixed reactions. Polk and Cook, the primary suspects and the only ones on trial at first -- the other three were scheduled to be tried at a later date -- showed dissimilar responses.

Polk, a 40-year-old construction worker now living in Charleston, was noticeably relieved. The worried look that had been etched into his sun-tanned face during the course of the murder investigation and trial began to relax. Jubilation was impossible for him; he seemed too exhausted for any strong display of emotion. But as his wife clung to him and wept, there was no doubt that he was quietly happy beyond expression.

But Albert Cook, a 49-year-old sawmill worker who had owned the Fairfax Superette in front of which Youmans was killed, remained stone-faced. Cook, the leading suspect in the case, had been ice-cold throughout the proceedings, stolidly staring at the floor most of the time. His demeanour changed little with the reading of the verdicts. Likewise, his wife and young daughter, who sat with him during the last three days of the trial, were calm.

Judge Rhodes, a stocky, white-haired, pensive man, gazed about the courtroom. Perhaps he was thinking that not everyone present would be pleased with the innocent verdicts, especially the blacks present, many of whom knew Wallace Youmans. Sure, Youmans had been killed a long while back, four years and two months ago, so long that maybe most of Fairfax's black population had forgotten about him. But the trial was such a touchy one, with racial feelings permeating every minute of it, that he played the

healer.

"I hope that the publicity that has been engendered by this case will be laid to rest," Rhodes pleaded. "These events happened four years ago. There has been much progress since then." The progress he was alluding to, he explained, was in the field of race relations. Publicity of the murder and trial, he felt, had tended to exacerbate the already taut racial animosities that existed, and had existed for who knows how long, in rural, rather poor Allendale County.

The trial was indeed publicized as a showdown between local white racists and the county's blacks, who, though outnumbering whites by about two to one, up to that point had been allowed little input into the judicial system which was supposed to protect their civil rights. There was no other light in which to appraise the events that had led to Youmans' death and, more importantly, to the painfully slow pursuit of the dead man's murderers, than a racial one.

The mood in Fairfax, a hamlet of 2,000 people five miles southeast of Allendale, was one of racial hatred four years ago. On Saturday, May 9, a white Fairfax policeman attempted to serve a non-support warrant on a black man, and a crowd of blacks reportedly attempted to prevent the arrest. Several whites who had come to the aid of the policeman tangled with the blacks; one of the

whites was Albert Cook, in front of whose store the trouble occurred.

Later that night violence erupted near Cook's grocery. A white man, Herman Hair, was shot in the stomach with a .22 slug fired from a crowd of blacks across the street from the store. Several firebombs were thrown at the grocery, one landing against the gas pumps in front of the store. None of the firebombs caused any damage to the premises, but irreparable harm was done to the already venomous racial feelings in the neighborhood.

The Fairfax Superette was vandalized several times in the next six days, according to Cook. He claimed windows were broken, several more firebombs thrown, and merchandise stolen and strewn on the nearby streets. It was too much for Cook to tolerate. A short, balding, bowlegged man who had left school in the sixth grade to go to work, Cook had put too much time and money into the store to sit by as it was being torn up.

About 8:30 or 9 o'clock on Friday night, May 15, 1970, Cook and his friend Preston Polk were driven down to the Superette by the town magistrate and two policemen to "stake out" the store. They carried long guns; whether those guns were rifles or shotguns was never determined. But the two men waited in the darkness outside the store, allegedly to "identify" any vandals who might attack the store. Sometime after midnight, a No. 1 buckshot pellet fired from

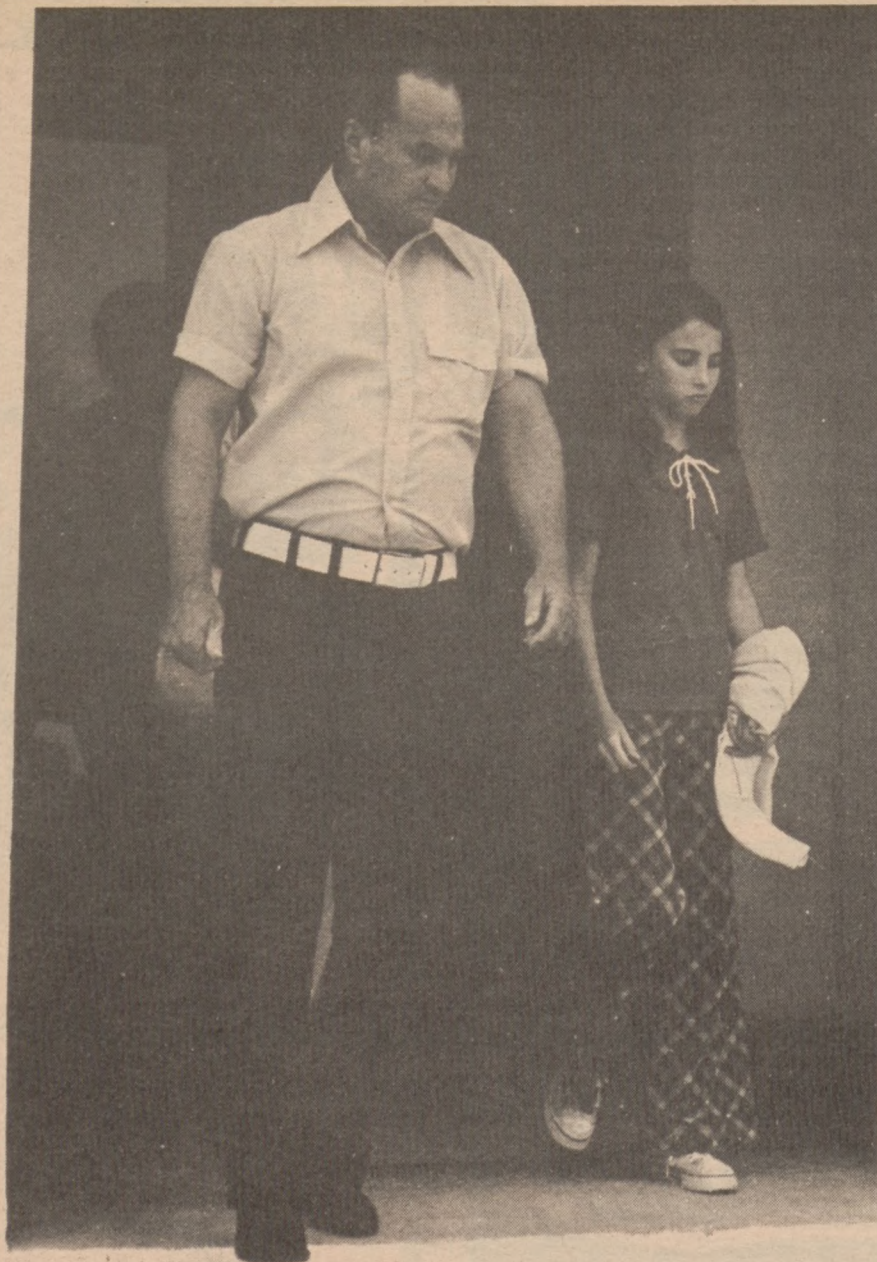
the direction of an abandoned bus behind the store ripped through Wallace Youmans' skull and brain, fatally injuring him.

On April 17, 1974, an Allendale County grand jury of ten whites and seven blacks indicted Cook, Polk, J. Blanton O'Neal Jr. (the magistrate), Jerry Byrd (a town policeman in 1970), and W.A. Duggan for the murder of Youmans. On July 8, the grand jury filed additional charges of conspiracy and accessory to the fact of murder against O'Neal and Byrd, reportedly after the South Carolina Attorney General's office requested Solicitor Murdaugh to ask for the additional indictments.

The trial of Polk and Cook began three days later. (Murdaugh decided to first try the two defendants most directly linked to the crime in the hope that evidence against O'Neal, Byrd and Duggan would tum up during the trial.) Four days later, all the men had been acquitted and the Wallace Youmans murder case was closed for good, except perhaps in the minds of those who questioned the outcome.

The proceedings got off to an inauspicious start on July 11. After G.H. "Rip" Kearsse argued against his clients (Polk and Cook) being tried separately from the others, Judge Rhodes asked state and defense lawyers to meet with him in his chambers to discuss Kearsse's motions. On the way out, one of the lawyers tripped over a wire to

(continued on page five)



An unemotional Albert Cook leaves the Allendale County Courthouse after his acquittal on charges of murdering Wallace Youmans. With Cook is his daughter.



Preston Polk, left, smiles minutes after the jury returned a verdict of innocent. On Polk's right is Miles Loadholt, lawyer for W.A. Duggan.



Jerry Byrd, facing camera, meets with admirers



Victorious defense lawyer G.H. "Rip" Kears

(continued from page four)

the Dictaphone which the court recorder was using to record the proceedings. The machine was damaged, and it took over four hours to get it functioning again.

Rhodes called for a lunch recess until 2:30, but not until he had put a "gag rule" on the media. The judge, renowned for keeping a tight ship, prohibited defense and prosecution lawyers, bailiffs, jurors, and subpoenaed witnesses from communicating directly or indirectly with the press. The rule was generally ignored throughout the trial, though.

After lunch the painstaking process of selecting a jury began. It provided the most salient example of the racism that seeped into the proceedings, despite claims to the contrary. The weeding out of unacceptable jurors consumed the rest of the afternoon.

One could expect the defense to try to keep "militant" blacks from sitting on the jury, since the murder itself was undeniably related to, if not a product of, racial animosities. Likewise, the state could be expected to try to pack the jury with blacks while refusing to accept conservative whites. This was an especially crucial trial, inasmuch as whites were on trial for killing a black in a county where, as far as anyone could remember, no white had ever been found guilty of murdering a black. Kears and Murdaugh did exactly what was expected of them.

Thus it was not surprising to see Rip Kears exhaust all 20 of the defense's peremptory challenges to keep blacks, especially black males, off the jury. Murdaugh used nine of his ten challenges to excuse mostly white jurors, giving special

attention to anyone he thought might be a friend of the defendants.

The first juror that both sides agreed to was a young, paunchy white man. Of the prospective jurors, probably 60 percent were black. The second juror sworn in was a middle-aged black woman. As she walked up into the jury box to take her seat, she stopped two seats away from the white man and sat down. Perhaps her unwillingness to sit next to the white man was indicative of the atmosphere in the courtroom; while there seemed to be little open hostility between the whites and blacks present, one could sense a hesitant deference, a subtle feeling of inferiority, that many of the older blacks showed in dealings with whites.

After the first six jurors were sworn in, it appeared that the county's black population was going to be under-represented. Of those six persons, four were white -- three men, including a professed good friend of the defendant Duggan, and a woman who claimed to be a casual friend of O'Neal. The two blacks were both middle-aged women.

But the final six jurors were all black. Kears managed to keep black men off the jury until, after using up most of his challenges, he was forced to accept a black male as the tenth juror. Very few of the black prospective jurors seemed militant in any respect. Several young men had beards, which almost automatically caused Kears to excuse them. One black woman interviewed said she knew O'Neal slightly; she called him "Mr. Blanton." Whether or not her archaic way of referring to a white

man by "Mr." and then his first name was intended to be cowering and deferential, she was excused by the defense.

Two more black women were sworn in after the defense had used up all its challenges. After a white man and a black woman were chosen as the two alternate jurors, the selection of the jury was finally completed at 6:20.

Cook and Polk were arraigned on the murder charges, and both Cook and Polk were arraigned on the murder charges, and both pleaded innocent. Rhodes recessed the trial until the next morning, after advising the jurors that they would be sequestered during the trial. The jurors would stay at the Howard Johnson's Motel in Allendale; they weren't allowed to watch television or read newspapers while sequestered.

The sequestering of the jurors was to be expected, since the case involved murder and had received widespread publicity. Yet the jurors were obviously displeased, looking dour and at times bored during the trial. In fact, one alternate juror, the white man, was seen reading a magazine at times during the trial.

Friday morning saw more problems with the jury. Mrs. Dorothy Marshall, a black woman who looked to be about 55, told a bailiff that she had become ill. After consultation with the judge, she was sent to the Allendale County Hospital in Fairfax for examination. Court was recessed until she returned; she was declared in sufficient health to continue as a juror. Only an hour was lost; but more important was the fact that if she were to become incapacitated,

she would be replaced by the first alternate juror, the white magazine-reader, and the number of blacks on the jury would be reduced to seven. This subsequently happened the next day.

Lt. Carl B. Stokes of the State Law Enforcement Division was the first of half a dozen witnesses called to testify by the state Friday morning. Stokes, a jut-jawed, heavy-bearded 13-year SLED veteran, was the first agent to investigate the Youmans murder. He said he arrived in Fairfax the afternoon after the shooting, and was on the scene gathering clues the next day. Stokes presented a diagram of the murder scene which was used throughout the trial.

Blanton O'Neal, the next witness, related what had led to the stakeout of Cook's store on the night of May 15, 1970. O'Neal, 56, Fairfax magistrate at the time of the slaying, told how he, his brother Carl, and Jerry Byrd had picked up Cook and Polk at their homes about 8:30 or 9 o'clock the night of the murder, and had driven the two men to within a block of the Fairfax Superette.

O'Neal, who denied there had been any conspiracy to kill anyone that night (as his brother allegedly claimed just before he died in November, 1972), acknowledged that both Cook and Polk had "long guns" with them that evening. "I couldn't tell whether they were shotguns or rifles," he explained. He said he, his brother and Byrd returned to the town police station after dropping off Polk and Cook, and they remained there until about midnight.

Shortly after midnight, O'Neal testified, he was drinking a Coke

with W.A. Duggan and two town policemen at Jim Manuel's Gulf Station, about half a mile north of the Superette on Highway 321. Wilson Holmes and several other blacks drove up in Holmes' car and reported to him that someone had been shot at Cook's store, he said. O'Neal claimed that Duggan and the two policemen went down to Cook's, while he went to the police station.

O'Neal's testimony added little to what had already been discovered in the preliminary hearing in early June. But, under questioning from Kears, he described an explosive racial environment during the week preceding the murder. He said that rumors were circulating at the time that "some type of black activist" was going to "burn the town that evening" (May 15).

The former magistrate alleged that, just after Youmans was shot, a policeman asked him where Cook was. O'Neal said he called Cook's house and found him there; he warned him that someone had been shot in front of his store, that a crowd had gathered, and that Cook had better stay away because of possible retributive violence. (The account matches closely what Cook said in later testimony.)

Jerry Byrd, a tall, stout man who looks the part of the policeman, followed O'Neal to the witness stand. He described the earlier part of the evening of May 15 much as O'Neal did, adding that he saw Polk and Cook leave O'Neal's car with "long guns" but he, too, wasn't certain if either weapon was a shotgun.

But Byrd hinted that he suspected there would be trouble

(continued on page six)

"I think the trial has had a kind of salutary effect on the community, which is more important than punishing people who committed a crime four years ago which they probably felt was insignificant at the time."

—Beekman Winthrop

(continued from page five)

at Cook's store that evening. "There were some racial tensions in the town and there were a lot of colored people on the streets in that area," he said. He claimed he had a "feeling" what the two men were going to do. He then qualified that statement, saying he thought Cook and Polk were going to the Superette to protect the property, and "it was needed."

Randolph Murdaugh Jr., or "Buster" as he is known, was

pleading the state's case. Murdaugh is a familiar name to Allendale County citizens. Buster's father was solicitor before him, and his son Randy, 35, is an assistant solicitor now and looks to be next in line for the prosecuting job.

Murdaugh's talents were put to the supreme test by the next witness, a 19-year-old black girl named Helen Marie Smith. Youman's girlfriend, Miss Smith was only a few yards away from the youth when he was shot. She testified that she and Youmans had had an argument minutes before he was killed, and he was on his way home when, for some reason, he walked under a shed by the Superette, picked up a case of pop bottles and dropped them, and started walking away. He got only a few feet before he was shot.

Getting the facts straight was difficult. The Smith girl was uncooperative and, no doubt, fearful of retribution. Murdaugh managed to get her to say that she heard a whistle and then two shots, which sounded like they came from the side of the store, she said. She also said she saw Duggan standing over Youman's body with a "long gun" several minutes after the shooting. Her statement was the only testimony that implicated Duggan. (Other testimony showed that Duggan was at Manuel's Service Station at the time of the shooting, and that he came to the Superette only after Wilson Holmes reported the shooting.)

Kearse, a local lawyer with a rash, all-stops-out style, directed a vigorous cross-examination.

Ruffling his hands through his thinning hair nervously, his glasses slipping low on his nose, Kearse attacked the credibility of Miss Smith and subsequent state's witnesses. He pointed out that she had told a SLED investigator that she was 75 feet from Youmans when he was shot, while she testified Friday that she was within 25 feet of him.

Under Kearse's questioning, she also admitted that Youmans had been drinking that night -- "I smelled it on him," she said.

The chief defense counsel's strategy was similar in cross-examining other blacks who were near the scene of the murder that night. He attempted to get them to give contradictory testimony and he depended heavily on the fact that several witnesses had been drinking and that it was too dark to see what happened that night.

When Dr. Joel S. Sexton, the Charleston County medical examiner who performed the autopsy on Youmans' body, took the stand Kearse took off on a more scientific bent. Sexton verified that the cause of death was a single No. 1 buckshot pellet that had penetrated the youth's skull. So Kearse tried to show, without success, that that lone pellet which killed Youman could have gone astray from the rest of the buckshot pattern, and that the shooting hence could have been accidental.

Kearse reasoned that since the one pellet which struck Youmans entered the top of his skull, the remaining pellets in the cartridge went over or by Youmans' head. Thus, the shot was probably not aimed at Youmans, Kearse implied. He was slightly taken aback when Sexton, and later ballistics expert Lt. Stokes, testified it was unlikely that a pellet would stray that far from the pattern at close range.

Kearse's strategy was obvious -- if it is proved that Cook or Polk fired the fatal shot, at least it can be claimed that the killer was firing a warning shot and that a stray pellet accidentally killed Youmans. But besides the slim possibility of that happening, Kearse's stratagem seemed also to be hinting at the guilt of at least one of the defendants.

Most of the evidence presented by the state's witnesses during that first day of testimony was substantially consistent, but it was nevertheless circumstantial. Several witnesses said after the shots they saw two men running down some railroad tracks away from the store carrying guns. One man, Turner Lee Holmes, testified that he recognized Cook as one of the men. And Turner Lee's older brother, Wilson, said he too recognized Cook, who he's known since he was a small boy.

Polk and Cook both took the witness stand, and gave basically consistent versions of what happened that night. Polk said he and Cook waited outside the store from 8:30 or 9 p.m. until about 10:30, when they heard a shot and left, fearing violence in the neighborhood. Cook, however, said he didn't hear a shot. Both men claimed they walked home over the railroad tracks with their guns, and that they were home asleep when the slaying occurred.

The crucial problem with the state's case, then, was that although several witnesses had proved Polk and Cook were in the area near the time of the shooting and that they had guns, no one could prove that either of them had a shotgun or that they fired any shots.

Testimony was concluded Monday afternoon, and at 4:55 p.m. the jury began deliberating. The jurors earlier in the day had been given an additional charge to consider--voluntary manslaughter. Judge Rhodes added the charges upon the request of Murdaugh, who claimed some of the evidence showed provocation had been involved in the shooting. Essentially, the jury was given the choice to find each defendant guilty of murder if they felt the killing was malicious and premeditated; guilty of manslaughter if they felt the shots were fired out of temporary rage; or innocent.

It took the jury only 85 minutes to reach a verdict of not guilty for both men. The brevity of the deliberation might have been surprising to courtroom observers, but it was not to the jurors. One said afterward that there was no direct evidence that either man

had shot Youmans, "only a lot of circumstantial evidence."

The reactions to the acquittals were varied. Some were angry, some were glad. But many felt that, despite the fact that two men they considered guilty had been acquitted, it was still a victory for blacks. The reasoning? The judicial process had worked as well as could be hoped.

Beekman Winthrop was one who had plenty of reason to feel bitter about the acquittals. The wealthy free-lance writer, who lives part of the year in Allendale County, had led efforts to get indictments issued in the murder case. The trial culminated almost two years of efforts on Winthrop's part to get the judicial system working in Allendale County. Now, it was all over.

Winthrop said that despite the acquittals, just the fact that whites were brought to trial for murdering a black proved that the judicial system was opening up, and that blacks no longer are excluded from the protection of the law.

"I think the important purpose or main objective for me to get involved was not to get these two men (Polk and Cook) convicted, but to make sure that it won't happen again that a black or white can be shot down and nothing is done about it."

"The judicial process was used. The outcome is almost irrelevant in comparison to making sure that, if a crime is committed the perpetrators will realize" they will be brought to trial, Winthrop said. "I think the trial has had a kind of salutary effect on the community, which is more important than punishing people who committed a crime four years ago which they probably felt was insignificant at the time."

Winthrop said he has had no threats or adverse reaction since the trial ended. But he has had phone calls from several blacks. "They told me they were disappointed in the verdicts," he explained, "but they were pleased that the trial took place."

Winthrop summed up what he considered perhaps the most important facet of the trial: "People have learned that they just can't shoot a black and get away with it."

Whoever killed Wallace Youmans has "got away with it" in the sense that the person or persons responsible for the murder have not been imprisoned yet. Whether there is sufficient satisfaction for Allendale County's blacks in the knowledge that white men were at least indicted and tried for killing a black, would be difficult to determine.

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Gubernatorial race

(Continued from page one)



to avoid mistakes was to keep quiet altogether. There were no more leaks or damaging disclosures, but there was no news either. There were no press conferences. Money was hard to raise for Westmoreland because of the early goofs, which portrayed him as an unsteady candidate. Finally, Westmoreland called a press conference only to be felled the day before by a severe case of laryngitis which virtually wiped out the last three weeks of his campaign.

About midway through the campaign Edwards' supporters began quoting surveys which showed Edwards ahead, and despite a number of people who didn't believe him, the Edwards candidacy did gain a degree of legitimacy. Meanwhile, Westmoreland became the liberal of the two candidates. One national television news segment featured Westmoreland citing Watergate as the typical product of the American political system, and calling for strong ethics legislation nationally and locally. When asked if he would like President Nixon to come to South Carolina to stump for him, he answered that he would not.

Edwards, on the other hand, adopted the old Goldwater formula of less spending/less bureaucracy/less government and never failed to remind his audiences that he is a long-time

Republican, unlike the Johnny-come-lately opposition. He said he would love to have Nixon in the state to campaign for him. And a national television spot quoted him saying, "We're gonna buy the Watergate Hotel and turn it into the Chappaquiddik Inn, make Bobby Baker manager, Billie Sol Estes sheriff, Walter Jenkins custodian and Teddy Kennedy lifeguard." The South Carolina Republicans got the message.

The Democratic gubernatorial primary, on the other hand, had

Losing Republican Westmoreland, left

Losing Democrat Morris, right

all the prospects of a good, back-stabbing, backroom political brawl. But somehow it never quite materialized.

Nobody will blame Earle Morris for that, and nobody is like to accuse the lame duck lieutenant governor of being a good loser either.

"I haven't been watching the election returns for the last hour or so," Morris was telling the television cameras and supporters at the Wade Hampton Hotel Tuesday about midnight. "I turned it over to the late movie. And believe you me, it's nice to be able to watch one without all those New York commercials in it," Morris intoned. "This isn't a concession speech," Morris warned, sounding very much like a man beginning a concession speech, "I'm just not ready to believe the people of South Carolina are ready to elect a television set governor."

On Wednesday, Morris was back to his "sinister force" theory as to why he lost the primary bid. "The basic thing I can say is that my party didn't give me much support. I'm sticking by the statement I made about two years ago that there was a movement to discourage me from running for governor and apparently that is the way it worked out in this primary..." Two years ago, in what some observers think was an irrational binge that cost him

significant support within the party, Morris charged that a "conspiracy" was afoot to deny him the nomination which he had aspired to for 25 years. Morris was elected to the South Carolina House at age 21.

In a normal year, Morris could have expected to use his "experience" in state workings, his courthouse friends, and supporters in the State Senate as a path to the nomination. But, as the results of the primary show in both state and local races, this seems destined to be more than a normal year.

Morris' campaign strategy of defending the current rate of "progress" in South Carolina, attacking those who would criticize the state system of government, citing his experience, and hitting Ravenel and Dorn for being out of the state for the past 20 years was obviously rejected. Experience in state affairs counted for little in the primary. Morris' stand for capital punishment cost him what black support he had. And if the election proved anything it was that people responded to Ravenel's intense media campaign, his New York commercials.

Dorn, who used many workers from the West administration in his campaign, was still able to drive a wedge between himself and the incumbents with issues such as rescinding the sales tax of food to "fight inflation." Yet Morris insisted on aligning himself with West and hoping that people

were satisfied with business as usual.

More than his ability to look good in commercials, Ravenel and his campaign manager, Marvin Churnoff, have proven how little of the state's Democratic vote is organized, and how a relative newcomer can blitz the state in six months to capture more votes than the political pros. Ravenel did well in every conceivable area: urban, rural, blue and white collar workers and blacks.

The Dorn-Ravenel runoff shapes up as an extremely interesting contest. Ravenel's organization and momentum, his offer to do things differently if he is elected will be isolated in the runoff against Dorn's modest proposals for change and his twenty years of service in the House.

Late this week the jockeying for the remains of the Morris candidacy -- his 80,000 votes -- had begun.

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Soccer interest picking up in South Carolina

by Bob Conly

The World Cup playoffs, quite possibly the most rabidly contested of all international sporting events, has just concluded a highly successful competition in West Germany, with the home team prevailing to win the Cup and with it the distinction of being the world's best soccer team.

It was not an event taken lightly outside of the United States as estimates tell us that over 800 million persons world-wide watched the World Cup on television, and thousands of fans traveled from all over the world to stadiums scattered over West Germany to view it live.

Among those internationals on hand for the occasion were United States Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who asked reporters if soccer were growing in the United States. Wilson thought it would be a nice idea if the Americans became involved in the hysteria over the Cup.

Locally, the answer to Wilson's question is an emphatic yes. It's not the World Cup by any means, but interest, participation and skill at soccer is growing rapidly in Columbia and South Carolina. The most publicized evidence has come in the form of Clemson University's success in NCAA competition last fall when the team advanced to the national semifinals before losing.

In the long term, however, the most important growth has been in youth soccer. The YMCA started its program in Columbia in 1972 and that year had 83 boys on the program's seven teams. Those 83 players didn't come easy; either, as fathers and coaches had to go door-to-door in order to convince kids that they should play. Last fall it was a different situation. Over 400 children, including three girls, participated in the league's 29 teams. Next year league officials anticipate continued expansion, but the shortage of coaches may reduce the growth rate soon. In addition, last season seven high schools fielded teams in interscholastic soccer: Flora,



Dreher, Airport, Booker T. Washington, Keenan, Spring Valley and Brooklyn-Cayce. Irmo and Columbia Highs are contemplating teams for next fall.

And interest is not restricted to school-age persons. This past winter a small league with about 50 men began playing every Sunday, and a team of all-stars from that league has ventured playing teams from other cities.

Soon three colleges in Columbia will have teams. The University of South Carolina and Columbia Bible College have had teams for several years, and the new Midlands College will field a squad as part of its sports program next fall.

At Columbia College, the 25 men on the team comprise 10 percent of the student body. They play a limited schedule, but engage in a tough, dedicated brand of soccer. Last year's team defeated USC in one of three meetings. Many of Columbia Bible College's players learned the game in foreign countries as missionary's sons.

USC's team, which had a record

of eight wins, seven losses and three ties, is still considered a club rather than a varsity sport, and thus, doesn't get the support and budget generally associated with sports of varsity status at USC. All of the 19 players on the USC roster last season were from American hometowns, and seven were from Columbia.

To learn more about the growth of the sport in the Columbia area, I talked with three of the key people promoting soccer in the area: Larry Mochelle, youth director at the YMCA and founder of the youth soccer program; Dick Fernald, president of the YMCA League and past coach of the USC team; and Yank Albers, formerly a star college player at St. Catherine's in North Carolina and next year's USC coach, succeeding Fernald.

Larry Mochelle was in his office in the basement of the YMCA building on Sumter Street. Mochelle is a small man in his late twenties, and, like most Americans, did not play soccer when he was a kid. Now he says that soccer has changed his life.

When he worked in advertising in Atlanta, his son joined one of the youth teams there. Part of the way through the season, the coach left and Larry, without any previous experience in soccer or youth work, took over. Eventually he became president of the league, then moved to Columbia for another job.

When Mochelle arrived here he asked the YMCA director if he could have some help starting a league. He got it, and since then the league has flourished and Larry has decided to make youth work his career.

Mochelle sees soccer primarily as a means to develop kids, mentally and physically. "The game is great exercise," he says, "since the kids are running all the time instead of standing around waiting for short bursts of activity as in baseball." Mochelle's league has a rule that every kid must play at least half of each game. "The game is a great confidence-builder," says Mochelle. "We've found kids who are inept at other

sports but are talented at soccer. And for us, winning in the Y League is not nearly as important as teaching the kids such spiritual values as sportsmanship and teamwork."

This is the first year in which the league has had girls' participating, and Mochelle says that it was accompanied by none of the controversy which surrounded the insertion of females into the Little League baseball lineups earlier this summer. "We didn't get so much as a phone call from any objecting parents," Mochelle says.

Dick Fernald is an aggressive 39-year-old soccer enthusiast who plays regularly with the amateur league and in practice with his USC team. Though not as fast or as rough as many of the younger players, Fernald effectively plays the schemer, the midfielder who creates scoring opportunities by clever passes.

Fernald is in charge of the Air Force ROTC program at the University of South Carolina, but his coaching of the USC club over the past few years has been a labor of love, strictly volunteer. The high point of his "career" as head coach was winning the prestigious Southeastern Soccer Classic last fall. Fernald's goalie, Ken Jefferson, was named most valuable player at the tournament.

Although the team played before some substantial crowds on the road -- over 2,500 watched USC at Clemson -- the attendance at home games was small with the exception of the games with Columbia Bible College where most of that school's student body watched what has become an exciting local series between the two schools.

Fernald will step down as coach of USC's club this fall, yielding because of a lack of time to Yank Albers. He is positive about the prospects of soccer in Columbia, even though many of the YMCA and men's league games are played on fields at the Fairgrounds which are used for parking lots for football games at Carolina Stadium. Hence Fernald's motto: "The parking lot in '74; the stadium in '85." Fernald likes to mention a soccer game last fall at the University of Pennsylvania where Harvard and Penn drew over

25,000 fans to Franklin Field in Philadelphia. Penn usually plays its football games to smaller crowds.

"I expect soccer to grow into a high quality amateur league in the Columbia area," says Fernald. "Next year I feel the league will be more structured than in the past. The growth of soccer in the area, especially youth soccer, will be limited only by the availability of coaches and fields."

On the national scene, Fernald feels that in too many places in the United States soccer is not "americanized," that is it's not played by Americans, but rather by minorities groups who already played the game before coming to this country to work or study, or, in some cases, play professional soccer. In order for more Americans to understand soccer, Fernald feels more television exposure is needed.

If Fernald's enthusiasm for the sport is catching -- and it just might be -- then he may well realize his goal of playing in the stadium by 1985.

"Yank" Albers started playing soccer in his high school in New Jersey "because I was too small to play football." He went on to college at St. Andrews College in North Carolina, where his team in its first year won only four of 16 games. But during his senior year, the program had advanced to the point that Albers led the team into the national small college tournament.

Yank has a reputation locally of being somewhat controversial, outspoken, but completely devoted to soccer.

Albers says his academic record is "not spectacular," but he can recite instantaneously a critical review of any significant book on soccer. For example, he later related to me what the German National coach had said to his wing-forward during halftime of a 1954 game. For Albers, holding a job is secondary compared to the satisfaction to be gained from coaching and playing soccer.

When he becomes coach of the USC club this fall, Albers will likely institute some changes from the democratic way in which Fernald ran the club. Albers says, half in jest, that "other than the color of the players' socks, I will make the decisions." Albers has assisted Fernald in the past and his philosophy and enthusiastic approach to the game is well-known by the team.

This year's USC soccer club has a 13-game schedule, in addition to the Southeastern Soccer Classic in Atlanta. Five South Carolina teams are on the schedule, including Erskine, Wofford, The Citadel, Columbia Bible and Furman.

Albers, like Fernald and Mochelle, thinks the pronounced growth of soccer in the metropolitan area will continue. He believes it will become a major national center for soccer like St. Louis in the midwest.

Larry, Dick and Yank are important people to soccer in Columbia. If their level of interest and enthusiasm can sustain the game here and spark interest elsewhere in the country, then someday we may see the U.S. playing a British squad before a future Prime Minister and Secretary of State.

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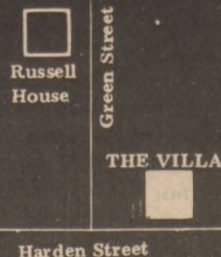
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Cinema

Initiation tale with a Southern setting

BUSTER AND BILLIE
at the Palmetto Theatre

Native South Carolinian Ron Turbeville, the screenwriter for *Buster and Billie* is rumored to be an ex-resident of Columbia. But whether he in fact grew up here or not, Turbeville has given a distinctly Southern setting to *Buster and Billie*.

No one can deny that the rural South was for many years a bastion of ignorance and violence. (Nor can anyone deny the essentially violent character of the rest of the country either, rural or urban.) Set in this milieu, Turbeville's tale of teenage love and tragedy is a relatively plausible one.

And the fact that Turbeville's dialogue can be delivered convincingly is proved by the easy self-assurance of the film's handsome young star, Jan-Michael Vincent, who plays Buster (and who bears an astonishing resemblance to the young Roy Rogers.) Vincent's Buster is



The bad guys

clearly the most appealing character in the film. Sincere and compassionate, he is genuinely convincing as the Number One Guy at his 1948 country school who risks his social status when the occasion demands by openly

befriending outcasts. The other boys only accept overly-eager "Whitey," an albino kid with dyed black hair, because Buster has chosen him as his special pal.

But when Buster abruptly dumps the most popular girl in

school without apparent reason, he goes too far for virtually everyone. His pretty girlfriend, Margie, is, of course, self-centered and silly but that didn't seem to particularly bother him until she failed to put out once too often.

The most unlikely event in the film is the fact that Buster falls for silent, dumpy Billie at all. It's easy to see why he is initially attracted, since her reputation is well-established; as is Buster's propensity to champion the down-trodden. And until she meets Buster, Billie has only been an orifice for adolescent boys, none of whom have any regard for her feelings. But Joan Goodfellow's interpretation of the almost unbelievably taciturn Billie is so shallow and empty that it becomes impossible to believe that the grooviest guy in school would give up everything for her. If Billie had a personality like Blythe Danner in *Lovin' Mollie*, or if she were super pretty like Jennifer O'Neill in *Summer of '42*, one could understand Buster's emotional attachment. Indeed his pity and compassion are as commendable as they are understandable. One can have sympathy for her miserable plight, however, without falling madly in love with her. The story's moral-the hapless heroine trapped in a malevolent environment and unjustly condemned because of her low social caste and her sexual response to it-is critically lost because of Goodfellow's limp, flaccid Billie.

The other problem is the entire supporting cast. Some of the actors look terrific in their roles, but sound like rejects from the junior play. I'm convinced the filmmakers decided to cast their film with down-home Georgia folks (surely they could never have found that many incompetent professionals) and though on occasion this works marvelously, it failed deplorably in

Buster and Billie. They way they deliver Turbeville's believable, if often trite, country dialogue convinced the viewer anew with each remark that these are actors speaking lines. Almost nothing destroys audience rapport with a film instantly and completely as a badly delivered line, for every time this happens, the viewer is abruptly jerked out of the make-believe world of the film and plunked back in his theatre seat.

Visually, *Buster and Billie* is beautiful though it is technically undistinguished. It is photographed by Mario Tosi in the style we are coming to expect in rural love stories—a sort of country lyricism which was probably established by *Elvira Madigan*. It dwells lovingly on natural objects often placing a few details—some flowers, a few grains of wheat—in extreme closeup in front of a lush backdrop of fields and forests and the wistful theme song meshes perfectly with the natural beauty of the countryside.

The story has capitalized on the themes of initiation, unlikely unlucky love, tragedy and revenge which have been popular for centuries but which have also proved attractive box office lures the last few years. Witness such huge successes as *Summer of '42* with its humorous but rather maudlin look at a boy's initiation and *Walking Tall* which, like *Buster and Billie*, examined the lengths to which a good ole country boy can be driven by the bad guys.

If you can ignore the poor acting on the part of the supporting cast (fortunately it is Buster who gets most of the lines) and, if you can suspend disbelief more than it is usually necessary in order to accept the premise that Buster really is wildly in love with poor, terribly mistreated Billie, then you may find in *Buster and Billie* a certain gentleness and a most appealing young star.

—Jerry McAninch

Television's silent gold

THE SILENT YEARS
on S.C. ETV

While the three commercial networks are content to bore us with re-runs of movies which themselves run the gamut from the good to the editable to the awful, the Public Broadcasting System (that's ETV) has begun a summer festival of classic silent films aimed at entertaining more than educating. Because the films are silent, many have probably never been on television before.

The title of this new series is *The Silent Years*, a reference, of course, to the first 30 or so years of motion picture history. These films were made during a period of history when that new medium was viewed by many as simply a means of presenting moving pictures (in the most literal sense of those words) to an audience. As the new craft became more developed, film established itself as a complex and highly successful medium for both artistic endeavors and entertainment.

Each week this summer, PBS, with Orson Welles hosting, will televise a different film from this era. The prints televised come from the private collection of Paul Killiam, a noted film-buff, who owns some of the best copies of these old films available. The network has adapted a flexible schedule, showing each film three times weekly—Sundays and Fridays at 2 p.m. and Saturdays at 8 p.m.—in an attempt to accommodate even the busiest vacationer's schedule.

The best news about this new series, however, is the films themselves, for Welles and Killiam have chosen some of the all-time greats as well as offering representative films made by the "legends" of the silent screen. Basically, each program centers around an individual-directors (D.W. Griffith's *Intolerance*, for example), stars (Valentino's *Son of the Sheik*, Fairbanks, Sr. in the *Mark of Zorro*) or director-actors (Keaton's *The General*, Chaplin's *The Gold Rush*.) The Valentino, Griffith, and Fairbanks works

constituted the first three programs. This week's offering is *The General* with many goodies yet to come, including a classic performance by John Barrymore, a Mack Sennett chase epic, and a Lillian Gish adventure-romance.

Buster Keaton's *The General* is the strangest yet probably the best of all Civil War movies. Centering around two railroad chases, the film records the struggles of a hapless hero, Johnnie Gray (Keaton), whose life is suddenly wrecked by the war. Johnnie has two loves in his life—his engine (the General) and the lovely Annabelle Lee (played by Marian Mack). When the war breaks out, Annabelle urges Johnnie to enlist. Because he is an engineer, though, he will be more valuable to the Confederacy in that profession so he is denied enlistment. Alas for Johnnie, Annabelle refuses to speak to him again until he can proudly wear the uniform of the Confederacy. When the war takes the General away from him, Johnnie strikes back.

Keaton maneuvers his camera to keep Johnnie clearly in perspective; the war is merely an event which is happening about him. Johnnie lives in a world of "things"—the General, Annabelle, the two armies, the enlistment—which can either aid or hinder him. When these "things" go awry, Johnnie finds himself alienated from the world he loves so dearly; he must act. Ironically, he must act alone to set his world upright; the two armies only create more chaos for this man.

What is perhaps most strange about *The General* is the effect which Keaton creates by presenting this story as broad farce with deeply satiric overtones. The plot itself concerns very serious actions, but the overwhelming comic feats involved serve to detach the viewer from this seriousness—to create a realism beyond that of the simple suspense melodrama. Unlike Chaplin, Keaton does not rely on homeless waifs, baggy-panted tramps, or sad-happy clowns to arouse pathos

and sentiment; his hero is wide-awake, ever-staring, his unblinkable eyes locked firmly into a dead-pan face which sees everything sooner or later.

Despite its seriousness, *The General* contains some of the screen's funniest moments. Keaton was a master acrobat, specializing in pratfalls and other dangerous stunts before becoming a screen actor. Slapstick abounds. The visual humor is intricately planned and executed—a beautiful tribute to man, motion, and time. Watching Johnnie transform himself into an activated robot can create gales of laughter as the hero single-mindedly chases his dream. Keaton's anti-romantic, anti-heroic point of view adds spice to his physical humor especially in the relationship with Annabelle Lee.

Technically, the film still ranks as one of the greatest. Keaton primarily uses close-ups, long shots, and extreme long shots to transform common, realistic scenes into moving portraits of black-and-white beauty. In one beautiful long shot, a burning baggage car bursts from a tunnel spewing smoke madly into the air. Instead of filming the in-tunnel collision between this car and Johnnie's second engine, Keaton gives us this more meaningful shot which still manages to inform his audience that a collision occurred, but which demonstrates also a truth about the war as we see the serenity of the day destroyed by the chaos of the flaming wreck. The chase scenes are superbly edited for maximum suspense.

Film comedians have always been artistically snubbed (Chaplin, Woody Allen, The Marx Brothers), especially by other actors, until decades after their best work. Like Chaplin, Keaton too fell from public favor. The sound era wiped him out; his final screen appearance was in a potboiler called *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*. Were it not for the revived interest in films academically, Keaton would be all but lost to viewers today. But *The General* insures him a place in film history.

—Mike Smith

Three Movies!

Dirty Dolls

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I Love You Not

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Shows Continuous From 1:00 P.M. Daily
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Thursday of Each Week is LADIES DAY
Ladies FREE with Gentlemen

Rated "X"

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Now Playing at Columbia's Original Adult Theatre



Dates of publication _____

Events/entertainment

(Continued from page twelve)

Faye Dunaway. A really well-done mystery flick, done in the genre of the 1930's. Roman Polanski directed and played the part of a gangster in this film. Go see it, if you haven't been. Shows at 1:30; 4; 6:30 & 9 p.m. Rated R.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1050

"Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" is Clint Eastwood's newest stab at acting. This time he's on the other side of the law, at least that's what the commercials are saying. Rated R. Shows at 12:40; 2:55; 5:10; 7:25; & 9:45 p.m.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Buster and Billie" This one is new to town and stars Jan-Michael Vincent. It's allegedly about a high school romance involving the bad girl of the school. Rated R. Shows at 1; 2:40; 4:20; 6; 7:40; & 9:20 p.m.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-5800

"My Name is Nobody" with Terrance "Trinity" Hill. Another funny western? Shows at 1:30; 5:15 & 9 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Mame" with Lucille Ball in this musical hit. It will only be here for a short while so get to it while you can. Shows at 1:30; 4; 6:30 & 9 p.m. Rated PG.

CAMPUS FILMS

Grab a student and go to a film at USC's Russell House gratis. Show times are 7 and 9 p.m. Once a week the film costs \$1 per person (Wednesday and Thursday nights), but the remainder of the time it's free.

Sunday, July 21

"They Were Expendable" (1945) Directed by John Ford with John Wayne, Donna Reed and Ward Bond. It's a tribute to WW II's PT boat men (and women?)

Monday, July 22

"Born Yesterday" (1950) Julie Holiday, William Holden and Broderick Crawford star in this George Cukor-directed comedy about Billie Dawn.

Tuesday, July 23

"The Navigator" & "Go West" (1924) Directed by and starring Buster Keaton. Silent genius by the master.

Wednesday & Thursday July 24 & 25

"The Passions of Anna" Ingmar Bergman's study of communication without violence. Max Von Sydov, Liv Ullman and Bibi Anderson star. This one costs a buck.

classes

A short course on how to make a terrarium will be offered by USC on Tuesday July 23 and Tuesday July 30 from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. The fee is \$8.00 per person and advance registration is mandatory. Call 777-2589 for further information.

An Effective Speed Reading Course will be held at USC on Tuesday evenings from July 23-September 10. The two hour course will begin at 7 p.m. and will cost \$33 per person or \$53 per married couple.

For further information call 777-2589.

specials

Haral McGee's Art will be on display in the Russell House Gallery and at Richland Memorial Hospital from July 12 thru the 26th. The title of the exhibit is "Retrospect of Thoughts"

A Color Slide Exhibition will be held on August 22 in Columbia. Awards will be

'Speak Up'

WIS-TV announced this week that they will air a new citizen participation program beginning Sunday, August 4. "Speak Up, It's Your Turn" will present eleven citizens each speaking two minutes on topics of general concern to the community.

Ben Griffin, producer and host of the program, said anyone wishing to speak on a topic they feel is of general interest to the community should mail their name, address, telephone number, and a short description of their topic to: WIS-TV, Box 367, Columbia, S.C. 29202.

All requests should be postmarked no later than midnight, July 25.

made for the best slides submitted. Write to the Columbia Photographic Society, P.O. Box 1195, Columbia, S.C. 29202 for information and entry forms. All entries must be received by August 3rd.

It's the Pageland Watermelon Festival in Pageland. There will be an arts and crafts show plus a lot more. It's July 19 & 20.

television

Saturday, July 20

2p.m.-Baseball. Oakland goes to Cleveland to meet the Indians. (Channel 10)

2p.m.-Movie. "Out of Sight" (1966) It's a teenage-spy spoof. Not worth watching. (Channel 25)

2:30 p.m.-Movie. "Beau James" (1957) Bob Hope and Vera Miles star in this serious biography of New York Mayor Jimmie Walker. Some of us saw it last Saturday night and thought it was well done. (Channel 19)

5p.m.-Wide World of Sports. It's boxing with everything from AAU featherweight to heavyweight. (Channel 25)

8p.m.-Movie. "The General" (1927) Buster Keaton at his silent best in a comedy about a Confederate soldier. Watch it. (Channel 35-ETV)

8:30p.m.-Movie. "Mousey" (1974) Kirk Douglas stars as a mild-mannered teacher who wreaks vengeance when the worm turns. (Channel 25)

9p.m.-Movie. "\$" (1971) Warren Beatty and Goldie Hawn star in this comedy-suspense story about a bank robbery. It should be O.K. (Channel 10)

9:30p.m.-Movie. "Flesh and the Devil" (1926) Greta Garbo and John Gilbert rocked the world in the 20's with this searing love story. (Channel 35-ETV)

11:50p.m.-Movie. "The Leopard" (1963) It's about Italy in the 1860's. It's directed by Visconti and stars Burt Lancaster. Might be worth seeing. (Channel 10)

Midnight-Movie. "The Blue Panther" (1965) A mystery about a blue gem that contains the power to control the world. Go to bed. (Channel 19)

Sunday, July 21

Noon-Face the Nation. (Channel 19)

12:30p.m.-Meet the Press. (Channel 10)

1:30p.m.-Issues and Answers. (Channel 25)

1:30p.m.-Movie. "The Shadow Laughs" (1933) Hal Skelly and Rose Hobart star in this old-timey whodunit. (Channel 10)

2p.m.-Movie. "The Beloved Rogue" (1927) John Barrymore at his silent best. (Channel 35-ETV)

2:30p.m.-CBS Tennis Classic. John Alexander and Roscoe Tanner meet in the quarterfinals. (Channel 19)

2:30p.m.-Womens Pro Tennis. Billie Jean King and Rosie Cassals meet Kerry Harris and Leslie Hunt in the double finals of the Virginia Slims Tournament. (Channel 25)

2:45p.m.-Movie. "The Devil Bat" (1941) Yes, it's Bela Lugosi at his best. In this one he's developed some giant bats that rip people's throats out. (Channel 10)

3:30p.m.-CBS Sports. It's the All-American Bowling Championships. (Channel 19)

4p.m.-Movie. "Dear Heart" (1964) Glenn Ford and Geraldine Page star in this "cute" story about boy meets girl. (Channel 10)

4p.m.-NFL Action. It's a review of the 40th College All-Star game. (Channel 25)

4:30p.m.-Golf. It's the final round coverage of the Women's U.S. Open. (Channel 25)

6p.m.-CBS News Retrospective. CBS is airing a 1967 interview with Luigi Barzini who talks about his then-best seller "The Italians." (Channel 19)

8p.m.-Evening at the Pops. Spanish dance troupes and Artie Fiedler headline this show. (Channel 35-ETV)

8:30p.m.-Movie. "Project X" (1968) A sci-fi story about experiments involving brains and cryogenics. (Channel 25)

9:30p.m.-"60 Minutes" The best darn news show on TV, bar none. (Channel 19)

10p.m.-NBC News Documentary. Tonight NBC examines America's biggest medical killer-heart attack. (Channel 10)

10:30p.m.-Firing Line. Wild Bill Buckley's guest tonight is Dr. William P. Shockley (remember him, he's the guy who says blacks are genetically inferior.) (Channel 35-ETV)

Monday, July 22

8p.m.-Movie. "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1974) Cliff Robertson and Diane Baker star in this made-for-TV flick based on the best selling book. A real heart-warming, tear-jerker. (Channel 10)

9p.m.-Movie. "Five Card Stud" (1968) Dean Martin & Robert Mitchum. You've seen this one before. Deano and Big Bob team up in a shoot-em-up mystery. (Channel 25)

9:30p.m.-Movie. "Twice in A Lifetime" (1974) Ernest Borgnine stars in this pilot for a TV series which never worked out. It's about a old retired Navy man who starts his own salvage business. (Channel 10)

10p.m.-CBS Reports. "Space: A Special Report to the Stockholders" Since 1958 this country has spent \$50 billion on the space program. Host Walter Cronkite asks "Was it worth it?" (Channel 19)

11:30p.m.-Movie. "The Girl He Left Behind" (1956) Tab Hunter plays a GI in boot camp pining away for his little honey. (Channel 19)

Tuesday, July 23

8p.m.-First it's the Baseball World of Joe Garagiola with Joe taking a look at some old timers with out of the ordinary names. Then

it's the 45th Annual All-Star Game from Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh. The starting players are chosen by the fans and the pitchers will be chosen by managers Yogi Berra and Dick Williams. You'll get to see greats like Hank Aaron, Johnny Bench, Buzz Capra, Bert Campaneris, Brooks Robinson and many others. If you're a baseball freak, then watch this one. (Channel 10)

9p.m.-Book Beat. Studs Terkel, author of "Working" will discuss America's working class. (Channel 35-ETV)

11p.m.-Day at Night. Host James Day talks with film producer-actor John Houseman his role in "Paper Chase" and his production of "War of the Worlds." (Channel 35-ETV)

11:30p.m.-Movie. "Pretty Poison" (1968) Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld star in this thriller-chiller about madness and murder. (Channel 19)

1a.m.-Tomorrow. Host Tom Snyder interviews Watergate break-in artist James McCord. (Channel 10)

Wednesday, July 24

8:30p.m.-Movie. "Scream Peggy Scream" (1973) Bette Davis and Ted Bessell wonder what goes on in the room at the top of the stairs. Should be frightening. (Channel 25)

9p.m.-Movie. "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid" (1972) Cliff Robertson stars in this look at the 1876 bank robbery that spelled the end of the James and Younger gangs. (Channel 10)

10p.m.-Music of the Poet. Bill Monroe, the Country Gentlemen, and the Lewis Family do their thang. (Channel 35-ETV)

11p.m.-Day at Night. Architect I.M. Pey discusses his concept of cities. (Channel 35-ETV)

11:30p.m.-The ABC Wide World Special takes a look at world record holders, like the man married the most times or the man with the longest name. (Channel 25)

Thursday, July 25

9p.m.-WFL Football has the New York Stars meeting the Bell at Philadelphia. (Channel 10)

9:30p.m.-Movie. "Secret World" (1968) This is a French film about a young boy's romantic interest in his uncle's mistress. (Channel 19)

11:30p.m.-Movie. "Summertime" (1971) Michael Douglas and Brenda Vaccaro. The moral dilemma of a college dropout opposed to serving in Vietnam provides the drama. (Channel 19)

Midnight-Judy Garland is joined by the Robert Cole Trio in such hits as "Old Man River" and "Sail Away."

Friday, July 26

7a.m.-Today. Historian Barbara Tuchman discusses the factors leading to WW I. (Channel 10)

8p.m.-Movie. "Around the World in 80 Days" David Niven plus a whole passle of stars appear in this Oscar-winning extravaganza. Well worth watching. (Channel 19)

9p.m.-Special. "Short Stories of Love" Rex Harrison introduces short romantic stories by famous authors including Kurt Vonnegut, Jr and Somerset Maugham. (Channel 10)

10p.m.-"Portrait: The Woman I Love" Richard Chamberlain and Faye Dunaway give sensitive performances as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. The Duke was faced with taking the crown or the lady. Well worth watching. (Channel 25)

11:30p.m.-Wide World Special presents Chuck Berry, the Supremes, Marvin Gaye and other 60's greats. Dick Clark hosts this special filmed in 1964. Boogie. (Channel 25)

1a.m.-Midnight Special. Leon Russell hosts the show and does some performing also. Jam-up, outta-sight, wow. (Channel 10)



cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last minute changes in schedule.

JULY 19 - JULY 26

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Claudine" It's a soul comedy folks. Rated PG and shows at 3:30; 5:30; 7:30; and 9:30p.m.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Marriage" and "Customs" are the Atlantic's twin sin features. Shows are continuous from 3:30 with the last show at

9p.m. Both are rated X.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Truck Turner" with Issac Hayes and Yaphet Koto. The ad says, "He's a skip tracer, the last of the bounty hunters. If you jump bail, you're his meat." Hummm. Sounds like he ought to set up shop around here. Rated R. Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, & 9.

Late Show Friday and Saturday nights at 11p.m. "Scarecrow with Gene Hackman and Al Pacino. A film you really ought to see.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

Three X rated flicks!!! "Dirty Dolls," "Maids Are Coming," and "I Love You-I Love You Not." The shows begin at 1p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1100

"Herbie Rides Again" A Walt Disney cutie about a VW that has a spirit. Good for the kids or for adults who like this sort of cutie stuff. Shows at 12:30; 2:30; 4:30; 6:30; and 8:30. Rated G.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-0100

"The Sting" Robbie Redford and Paul Newman are here to stay, at least that's the way it looks after 6 months. Rated PG. Shows at 4:20, 6:40 and 9.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Spys" Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould team up again (remember M*A*S*H?) for what we are told is a really funny flick. This one is a spoof on the CIA and spys. Rated PG.

Late Show Friday and Saturday nights ate 11p.m.: "Big Bad Mama" with Angie

Dickinson. Rated R.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"Blazing Saddles" returns. If you didn't see this one the first time around, then get yourself over to the theatre for a viewing. A really funny flick. Rated R. Shows at 1:40; 3:30; 5:20; 7:10 & 9p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE Parkland Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Our Time" The ad says, "The gals side of the "Summer of 42" Wonder how they'll handle that drug store scene? Anyway it's rated PG and shows are at 1:40; 3:30; 5:20; 7:10; & 9p.m.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"China Town" with Jack Nicholson and (Continued on page eleven)

FOX
DOWNTOWN Theatre
1607 Main Street / 254-5212

Late Show
Fri. and Sat.
11 P.M.

WHEN IT COMES TO VICE, MAMA KNOWS BEST!



**ANGIE
DICKINSON
BIG BAD
MAMA**

CAROLINA
DOWNTOWN Theatre
1223 Main Street / 252-8011

Late Show
Fri. and Sat.
11 P.M.



**GENE
HACKMAN AL
PACINO**

SCARECROW

FOX
DOWNTOWN Theatre
1607 Main Street / 254-5212

Would you buy
a used secret
from these
men?



SUTHERLAND & GOULD

1-2:40 do it to the C.I.A. as
4:20-6
7:40-9:20 **SPY'S**

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH
ULTRA-VISION Theatre
Dutch Square Shopping Center / 798-1110

**29th
week**

**PAUL
NEWMAN ROBERT
REDFORD**

"The Sting"
PG



4:20
6:40
9:00

GAMECOCK
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022

In 1955
there were a few
things a fashionable
girls school
didn't teach.



The Gals Side
of
"Summer of '42"

Our Time
PG

1:55 / 3:45 / 5:35 / 7:25 / 9:15

GAMECOCK
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022

The Funniest
Western Ever Made

B.S.
OFFER



Your (expletive) money
back if you don't laugh

MEL BROOKS'

**BLAZING
SADDLES**

-R-

1:40-3:30-5:20-7:10-9:00

PLAZA III
DOWNTOWN Theatre
1323 Main Street / 254-7960

Early Matinees
Fri. & Sat. Only
11 a.m.

Features
1/3/5/7/9



JEFFERSON SQ.
ULTRA-VISION Theatre
DOWNTOWN / 1801 Main Street / 254-6731



"Chinatown"

THE MOST HIGHLY
ACCLAIMED FILM OF 1974!

"CHINATOWN" IS A BRILLIANT
CINEMATIC POEM IN THE STYLE
OF POE CIRCA 1974!"

-Paul Zimmerman, Newsweek